Stop Thicf!

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bow (ring), will never have occasion to use this time-honored cry. It is the only bow that cannot be twisted off the case, and is found only on Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark. Ask your jeweler for a pamphiet, or send to the manufacturers. Keystone Watch Case Co.,

AT THE TABERNACLE

PHILADELPHIA.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON HOME RELIGION.

The Eloquent Divine Makes a Strong Ples For the Gospel In the Family Circle-A Sermon That Takes Hold of the Heart. The Grandest Gift.

BROOKLYN, April 15 .- In the great audience which assembled in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this afternoon were many strangers. Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for the subject of his sermon "Home Religion," taking his text from Luke viii, 39, "Return to thine own house and shew how great things God bath done unto thee."

After a flerce and shipwrecking night, Christ and his disciples are climbing up the slaty shelving of the beach. How pleasant it is to stand on solid ground after having been tossed so long on the billows! While the disciples are congratulating each other on their marine escape, out from a dark, deep cavern on the Gadarene hills there is something swiftly and terribly advancing. Is it an apparition? Is it a man? Is it a wild beast? It is a maniac who has broken away from his keepers, perhaps a few rags on his person and frag ments of stout shackles which he has wrenched off in terrific paroxysm. With wild yell and bleeding wounds of his own on he flies down the hill.

Back to the boats, ye fishermen, and put out to sea and escape assassination! But Christ stands his ground; so do the disciples, and as this flying fury, with gnashing teeth and uplifted fists, dashes at Christ, Christ says: "Hands off! Down at my feet, thou poor sufferer," and the demoniae drops harmless, exhausted, worshipful. "Away, ye devils!" commanded Christ, and the 2,000 flends which had been tormenting the poor man are transferred to the 2,000 swine, which go to sea

with their accursed cargo.

The restored demoniac sits down at The restored demonstrate stay there. Christ's feet and wants to stay there. stop. You have a mission to execute.

Wash off the filth and the wounds in the sea, smooth your disheveled locks, put on decent apparel and go straight to your des-olated home and tell your wife and children that you will no more affright them. and no more do them harm; that you are restored to reason, and that I, the omnip-otent Son of God, am entitled hereafter to the worship of your entire household. Return to thine own house and shew how

great things God hath done unto thee."

Yes, the house, the home, is the first place where our religious gratitude ought to be demonstrated. In the outside world we may seem to have religion when we have it not, but the home tests whether our religion is genuine or a sham. What makes a happy home?

A Happy Home.

Well, one would say a house with great wide halls, and antiered deer heads, and parlors with sculpture and bric-a-brac, ty of light, and engravings of game on the wall, and sleeping apartments commo-dious and adorned. No. In such a place as that gigantic wretchedness has sometimes dwelt, while some of you look back to your father's house, where they read their Bi-ble by the light of a tallow candle. There were no carpets on the floor save those made from the rags which your mother cut night by night, you helping wind them into a ball, and then sent to the weaver, who brought them to shape under his slow shuttle. Not a luxury in all the house But you cannot think of it this morning at tearful and grateful emotion. You and I have found out that it is not rich tapestry, or gorgeous architecture, or rare art that makes a happy home.

The six wise men of Greece gave prescriptions for a happy home. Solon says a happy home is a place where a man's estate was gotten without injustice, kept without disquietude and spent without re-pentance. Chilo says that a happy home is the place where a man rules as a monarch a kingdom. Bias says that a happy home is a place where a man does volun-tarily what by law he is compelled to do abroad. But you and I, under a grander light, give a better prescription. A happy home is a place where the kindness of the gospel of the Sen of God has full swing.

While I speak this morning there is knocking at your front door, if he be not already admitted, one whose locks are wel with the dews of the night, who would your children into his arms and would throw upon your nursery, and your sleeping apartments, and your drawing room, and your entire house a blessing, that will make you rich while you live and be an inheritance to your children aft-er you have done the last day's work for their support and made for them the last prayer. It is the illustrious one who said to the man of my text, "Return to thine own house and shew how great things God hath done unto thee." Now, in the first place, we want religion in our domes-

Where Religion Is Needed. .

Every housekeeper needs great grace. If Martha had had more religion, she would not have rushed with such bad temper to scold Mary in the presence of Christ. It is no small thing to keep order, and secure cleanliness, and mend breakages, and achieve economy, and control all the af-fairs of the household advantageously. Expenses will run up, store bills will come in twice as large as you think they ought to be, furniture will wear out, carpets will unravel, and the martyrs of the fire are very few in comparison with the martyrs of housekeeping. Yet there are hundreds of people in this church this morning who of housekeeping. Yet there are hundreds of people in this church this morning who in their homes are managing all these affairs with a composure, an advoltness, an ingenuity and a faithfulness which they never could have reached but for the grace of our practical Christianity. The exasperations which wear out others have been to you spiritual development and sanctification. Employments which seemed to relate only to an hour have on them all the grandours of sternal history.

You need the religion of Christ in the discipline of your children. The rod which in other homes may be the first means

isses in yours will be the last. There will be no harsh epithets—"you knave, you villain, you seoundre!, I'll thrash the life out of you; you are the worst child I ever knew." All that kind of chastlement makes thieves, pickpockets, murderers and the outlaws of society. That parent who in anger strikes his child across the head deserves the penitentiary. And yet this work of discipline must be attended to. Work of discipline miss to attended to.
God's grace can direct us. Alas, for those who come to the work with fleree passion and recklessness of consequences! Between severity and laxativeness there is no choice. Both ruinous and both destructive. But there is a healthful medium which the of God will show to us.

Then we need the religion of Christ to help us in setting a good example. Cow-per said of the calt "Time was when settied on thy leaf a fly could shake thee to the root. Time has been when tempest could not." In other words, your children are very impressible just now. They are alert; they are gathering impressions you have no idea of. Have you not been sur-prised sometimes, months or years after some conversation which you supposed was too profound or intricate for them to understand—some question of the child derstand—some question of the child monstrated the fact that he knew all

The Needs of the Young

The Needs of the Young.

Your children are apt to think that what you do is right. They have no ideal of truth or righteousness but yourself. Things which you do, knowing at the time to be wrong, they take to be right. They reason this way: "Father always does right. Father did this. Therefore this is right." That is good logic, but had neemises. No one ever gets over having premises. No one ever gets over having had a bad example set him. Your conduc more than your teaching makes impression. Your laugh, your frown, your dress sion. Your laugh, your frown, your dress, your walk, your greetings, your goodbys, your comings, your goodbys, your comings, your solice, are making an impression which will last a million years after you are dead, and the sun will be extinguished, and the mountains will crumble, and the world will die, and eternity will roll on in perpetual cycles, but there will be no diminution of the force of your conduct upon the young eyes that saw it or the young ears that heard it. that saw it or the young ears that heard it. Now, I would not have by this the iden

given to you that you must be in cold re serve in the presence of your children. You are not emperor; you are companion with them. As far as you can you must walk with them, skate with them, fly kite with them, play ball with them, show them you are interested in all that inter them you are interested in all that interests them. Spensippus, the nephew and successor of Plato in the academy, had pletures of joy and gladness hung all around the schoolroom. You must not give your children the impression that when they come to you they are playful ripples striking against a rock. You must have them understand that you were a boy once yourself, that you know a boy's hilarities, a boy's temptations, a boy's ambition—yes. hoy's temptations, a boy's ambition—yea, that you are a boy yet. You may deceive them and try to give them the idea that gence, and you may shove them off by your rigorous behavior, but the time will your rigorous behavior, but the time will come when they will find out the decepion, and they will have for you utter con

Aristotle said that a boy should begin to study at 17 years of ege. Before that his time should be given to recreation. I cannot adopt that theory. But this sug-gests a truth in the right direction. Childgood is too brief, and we have not enough sympathy with its sportfulness. We want divine grace to help us in the adjustment of all these matters.

Besides that, how are your children ever to become Christians if you yourself are not a Christian? I have noticed that, however worldly and sinful parents may be, they want their children good. When young people have presented themselves for admission into our membership, I have said to them, "Are your father and mother willing you shall come?" and they have said, "Oh, yes; they are delighted to have us come. They have not been in church for 10 or 15 years, but they will be here next Sabbath to see me baptized." I have noticed that parents, however worldly, want their children good.

The Love of a Mother.

So it was demonstrated in a police court in Canada, where a mother, her little child in her arms, sat by a table on which her own handcuffs lay, and the little babe took up the handcuffs and played with them and had great glee. She knew not the sorrow of the hour. And then when the mother was sent to prison the mother cried out: "Oh, God, let not this babe go nto the jail! Is there not some mother here who will take this child? It is good mough for heaven. It is pure. I am bad. I am wicked. Is there not some one who will take this child? I cannot have it tainted with the prison." Then a brazen creature rushed up and said, "Yes, I'll take the child." "No, no," said the mother, "not you, not you. Is there not some good mother here who will take this child?" And then, when the officer of the law in mercy and pity took the child to carry it away to find a home for it, the mother kissed it lovingly goodby and said, "Good-by, my darling. It is better you should never see me again.'

However worldly and sinful people are they want their children good. How are you going to have them good? Buy them a few good books? Teach them a few excellent catechisms? Bring them to church? That is all very well, but of little final result unless you do it with the grace of God in your heart. Do you not realize that your children are started for eternity? Are they on the right road? Those little forms that are now so bright and beautifulwhen they have scattered in the dust, there will be an immortal spirit living on in a mighty theater of action, and your faith-fulness or your neglect now is deciding

There is contention already among ministering spirits of salvation and fallen an-gels as to who shall have the mastery of that immortal spirit. Your children are soon going out in the world. The temptations of life will rush upon them. The most rigid resolution will bend in the blast What will be the result? It will require all the restraints of the gospel, all the strength of a father's prayer, all the influence of a Christian mother's example

to keep them. You say it is too early to bring them Too early to bring them to God? Do you know how early children were taken to the ancient passover? The rule was just as soon as they could take hold of the fa-ther's hand and walk up Mount Moriah they should be taken to the passover. Your children are not foo young to come to God. While you sit here and think of them perhaps their forms now so bright and beau-tiful vanish from you, and their disem-bodied spirit rises, and you see it after the life of virtue or crime is past, and the judgment is gone, and eternity is here.

Delicate Questions. A Christian minister said that in the first year of his pastorate he tried to persuade a young mechanic of the importance of family worship. Some time passed, and the mechanic came to the pastor's and and with the young person that and the mechanic came to the paster's study and said: "Do you remember that girl? That was my own child. She die?"

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shis morhing very suddenly. She has gone to God, I have no doubt, but if so she has told him what I tell you now—that child never heard a prayer in her father's house, never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh, if I only had her back again one

lips. Oh, if I only had her back again one day to do my duty!" It will be a tremendous thing at the last day if some one shall say of us: "I never heard my father pray." I never heard my mother pray."

Again, I remark, we want religion in all our home sorrows. There are 10,000 questions that come up in the best regulated tions that come up in the best regulated household that must be settled. Perhaps the father has one favorite in the family, the mother another favorite in the family,

and there are many questions that need

delicate treatment.

Tyranny and arbitrary decision have no place in a household. If the parents love God, there will be a spirit of self sacrifice, and a spirit of forgiveness, and a kindness which will throw its charm over the entire household. Christ will come into that household and will say: "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them. Wives see that you reverse your them. Wives, see that you reverence your husbands. Children, obey our parents in the Lord. Servants, be obedient to your masters," and the family will be like a

masters," and the family will be like a garden on a summer morning—the grass plot, and the flowers, and the vines, and the arch of honeysuckle standing in the sunlight, glittering with dew.

But then there will be sorrows that will come to the household. There are but few families that escape the stroke of financial misfortune. Financial misfortune comes misfortune. Financial misfortune comes to a house where there is no religion. They kick against divine allotments, they curse God for the incoming calamity, they withdraw from the world because they cannot hold as high a position in society as they once did, and they fret, and they socwl, and they sorow, and they die. During the past few years there have been tens of thousands of men destroyed by their financial distresses. cial distres

But misfortune comes to the Christian household. If religion has full sway in that home, they stoop gracefully. They say, "This is right." The father says, "Perhaps money was getting to be my idol. Ferhaps God is going to make me a better Christian by putting me through the furnace of tribulation. Besides that, why should I frot anyhous! He who counstly should I fret anyhow? He who owner the cattle on a thousand hills and out of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food is my Father. He clotheth the lilles of the field; he will clothe me. If he takes care of the raven, and the hawk, and the vulture, most certainly he will take care of me, his child."

Sorer troubles come—sickness and death.

Loved ones sleep the last sleep. A child is
buried out of sight. You say: "Alas, for this bitter day! God has dealt very severely with me; I can never look up. O God, I cannot bear it!" Christ comes in, and he says: "Hush, O troubled soul; it is well with the child! I will strengthen thee in all thy troubles. My grace is sufficient When thou passeth through the waters, will be with thee." When through the deep waters I call the

to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow.
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

But there are hundreds of families rep sented here this morning where religion has been a great comfort. There are in your homes the pictures of your departed and things that have no wonderful value of themselves, but you keep them precious-ly and carefully because hands now still once touched them. A father has gone out of this household, a mother has gone out of this, a daughter just after her gradua tion day, a son just as he was entering on the duties of life.

And to other homes trouble will come. I say it not that you may be foreboding, not that you may do the unwise thing of taking trouble by the forelock, but th you may be ready. We must go one by one. There will be partings in all our households. We must say farewell. We must die. And yet there are triumphant strains that drown these tremulous ac dirge. Heaven is full of the shout of de livered captives, and to the great wide field of human sorrow there come now the reaper angels with keen sickles to harvest

the sheaves of heaven.

Saints will to end the endure;
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those he purchased for his sne

Not to Be Forgotten. Go home this day and ask the blessing on your noonday meal. Tonight set up the family altar. Do not wait until you ne a Christian yourself. This day Christ to your household, for the Bible distinctly says that God will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name. Open the Bible and read a chapter; that will make you strong. Kneel down and offer the first prayer in your household. It may be a broken peti-tion, it may be only "God be merciful to me, a sinner," but God will stoop, and spirits will listen, and angels will chant, Behold, he prays!"

Do not retire from this house this morn-Do not retire from this house this morning until you have resolved upon this matter. You will be gone. I will be gone, many years will pass, and perhaps your younger children may forget almost everything about you, but 40 years from now, in some Sabbath twilight, your daughter will be sitting with the family Bible on her lan wedly a beautiful your way. her lap reading to her children, when she will stop, and peculiar solemnity will come to her face, and a tear will start, and the children will say, "Mother, what makes you cry?" and she will say, "Noth-ing, only I was thinking that this is the very Bible out of which my father and

mother used to read at morning and evening prayer."
All other things about you they may forget, but train them up for God and

heaven. They will not forget that.

When a queen died, her three sons brought an offering to the grave. One son brought gold, another brought silver, but the third son came and stood over the grave and opened one of his veins and let the blood drop upon his mother's tomb, and all who saw it said it was the greatest demon-stration of affection. My friends, what is the grandest gift we can bring to the sepulchers of a Christian ancestry? It is a life all consecrated to the God who made us and the Christ who redeemed us. I cannot but believe that there are hundreds of parents in this house who have resolved to do their whole duty, and that at this mo ment they are passing into a better life and having seen the grace of the gospel in this place today you are now fully ready to return to your own house and show great things God has done unto you.

Though parents may in covenant be And have their heaven in view. They are not happy till they see Their children happy too.

May the Lord God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of our fathers, be our God and the God of our children forever! The Designing Woman.

It is true that we read a good deal about "the designing woman" in novels written by ladies. It gives them pleasnre to describe these dexterons and wily creatures doing such mischief among the other sex. Mothers, too, believe their pure and innocent sons are always in danger from these unprincipled young persons. And yet the fact is that at 27 none of them can hold a candle for evil intention to any ordinary youth of 17. The hypocrisy with which for their own ends men affect to fall in with the female view of flirtation and "the designing woman' is contemptible. Even the most impudent of them seldom venture to adopt it among themselves. The tongue in their cheek is too obvious.— James Payn in London Illustrated

PHARAON'S DAUGHTER AND MOSES. | caught one a cruck on the nead than

Whin Pharach's daughter Wint down to the water there was young Mossa a-swin around, Wid his backet all handy

And a stick of swate candy To kape him from cryin until he was found.

See she to a maiden:

"Bring here the young haythen.

Your trotters be shakin, ye lasy colleen.

If the water once wets him,

Or the alligators gots him,

It's no crocodile's tears you'll be sheddin, I ween."

He was brought to the wimmi shows how the blarney's a a it shows now the was makin,
A mate bow he was makin,
Just as shure as I'm spakin,
sports, "says she, "he's the broth of a beg."

—Jack Haven in University Courier.

So whin from his swims

I SMELL SMOKE.

Mr. Snoodle is an inveterate smoker and has a most reprehensible habit of smoking in bed, but Mrs. Snoodle, though she allows him to smoke anywhere else, very properly forbids him to indulge in such a dangerous practica. However, as Ers. Snoodle is a remarkably sound sleeper Mr. Snoodle freque

ly manages to enjoy a few stolen whiffs. One night when in bed Mr. Snoodle had an irresistible desire for a pipe, which he in vain endeavored to combat. His wife was fast asleep, so he cautious-ly stretched out his hand for his pipe, which lay on a little table by the bedside. Then with equal caution he filled it, lighted up and was puffing away with intense relish when Mra. Snoodle turned over and gave two or three

"I believe she's going to wake up," thought Mr. Snoodle and hastily took his pipe from his mouth and placed it

on the table. Mrs. Snoodle gave a few more snorts and woke up. Then she gave a series a sniffs, and Mr. Snoodle trembled, for the room was pregnant with tobacco

"John, are you smoking?" asked his wife sternly. "Certainly not, my dear. Whatever

makes you think so?" he innocently in-"Because I can smell tobacco." she

replied. "Phew, how strong it is! Don't you smell it, John?" "Can't say I do, Martha. I've got a "Open your eyes, man, and then you will," snapped Mrs. Snoodle.

"I don't smell with my eyes," giggled Mr. Snoodle. "What I mean is wake up properly and sniff hard. Now, can't you smell

"Well-er-I think there is a faint odor of tobacco," admitted the culprit.
"Think—faint odor! Why, the place reeks with it! I tell you what it is, John, there's somebody smoking in the

house," declared his wife. "Do you think Jane indulges in a pipe on the sly?" suggested Mr. Snoodle.

"Well, my dear, the only other living thing in the house is the cat, and I never heard of cats smoking." "Don't talk rubbish, John. It's a seri-

ous matter. It's my firm belief there's a burglar smoking in the house." And Mrs. Snoodle shivered. "Ah, very likely," replied Mr. Snoo-dle, thankful for his lucky escape and

preparing to go to sleep again.

"John, are you going to sleep and let
the house be ransacked?" asked his wife

'Certainly not, my dear." "Then why don't you go down stairs and catch the burglar?" Mr. Snoodle very reluctantly got out of the warm bed into the cold air, sleep-

ily lighted a candle and moved toward the door. "Aren't you going to take some weapon of defense?" asked his wife. "Do you want to be killed? I never saw

such a man!" Mr. Snoodle rather sulkily seized the poker and muttered that "if he found a

burglar he'd make it smoking hot for He had got half way down stairs and

was thinking of anything but burglars when he suddenly saw a man dart out of the dining room and bolt down the kitchen stairs. Mr. Sneodle's first im-pulse was instant flight, for he was an arrant coward, but he was so astounded and petrified with fear that he was ut terly unable to either move or speak. He simply stood still, holding the candle nearly upside down, with his mouth wide open. Then he heard the back door bang and knew that the burglar was gone, so thought it was about time for action and to earn a little cheap glory.

So he roared out: "You villains! I'll murder you! I'll scalp you as clean as a whistle!" and rushed down stairs. He had never before felt so heroic in his life. He bounded into the dining room and fought fiercely with the furniture especially the fender, as he could bang into that without injuring it much until he was quite exhausted.

"John, John, come up stairs!" screamed Mrs. Snoodle. "You'll be

"It's all right, Martha!" shouted back Mr. Snoodle. "Have you got the rascals safely ound then?

"No, they've got away. But I've nearly killed 'em!" "Thank heaven! Come up stairs and let me dress your wounds, dear," said Mrs. Snoodle solicitously.

Mr. Snoodle, after securing the back door, which the servant had omitted to lock, and undoing the bundle of plate that the burglar had left behind in his hurry to escape, went up stairs, "Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Snoodle

on beholding him, "then you're not "No, dear," he said, mopping his

"But it was a terrible fight." brow. "I'm sure it was. I never heard such an awful row. Did they take anything?
"Only their hook," grinned Mr.
Snoodle. "I was just in time to prevent em carrying off the best part of our plate. It was all tied up ready. That idiot of a Jane forgot to look the back door. I'll give it to her in the morn-

ing!"
The silly girl! How many burglars were there, John?" "Two. One great fellow over 6 feet, and another bigger, if anything, but I

"What I Eat Does Me No Good," How often this expression is heard-Life destroying dyspepsia has hold on you when you feel thus, and should not be trifled with. There is but one remedy that can permanent ly cure you, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y., a vegetable compound endorsed by the medical pro-

fession. Druggists sell is.

must have pretty well smashed it, and I'm sure I've broken the other one's leg." clared the mendacious Mr. Snoodle. "Then I wonder he could run away,"

marked his wife. "He doesn't run with his arms "No, but you said you'd broken his

leg, John." "Oh, I meant arm."

"I suppose the place is covered with blood?" queried Mrs. Snoodle. "No, they took that away with 'em

-I mean they ran away so quickly that don't think it had time to drop. "I'm glad of that. I hope you haven" got any internal injuries, John?" asked Mrs. Snoodle anxiously. "Well, dear," he laughed, "I have a

strange empty feeling about the stom-ach, but I dare say a little whisky and water will put that all right."

"John," exclaimed his wife, gazing at him admiringly, "I never felt so proud of you as I do at this moment. Fancy you tackling two great burglars and putting them to flight without getting a scratch yourself! I always thought you were rather a coward. Forgive me, darling, for having thought so,

for now I know you are the bravest of "I don't know about that, Martha but I think I have my share of cour-

age," said Mr. Snoodle modestly.
"You're a perfect hero!" exclaimed you not like a pipe, dearest? You haven't had a smoke sines supper time, and I'm snre you deserve one after your terrible exertions. As you know, John, I never object to your smoking anywhere, ex-cept in bed. That I will got allow." "Quite right, Martha. There's no

telling what such a practice might lead

to," remarked Mr. Snoodle thoughtfully, lighting his pipe.
"Fancy, John," said Mrs. Snoodle, fancy me smelling those burglars smoking! What impudence they've got! However, if I hadn't smelled the smoke, we shouldn't have discovered the burglars. So we may say our property was saved

by a pipe, may we not?"
"We may indeed, Martha," replied Mr. Snoodle, and he meant it.-London Tit-Bits.

Gold Digging.

Perhaps it was not an old "fortyniner" who gave the following descrip-tion, but it was a man who knew the work in question. Like most enthusiasts, however, he underrates the trial and disappointment involved:

It's the prettiest work I ever did. It's the fascination of it, when you've struck it pretty rich and see your gold right in front of you, when you're pil-ing it up every half hour of the day, with a nugget now and again as big as bullet to cheer you.

And then when the evening come and you count it up and find it a hundred odd dollars just picked out o' the earth that day—well, there's nothing

like it! Then when you don't strike it you always think you're going to next day, and it's just as exciting hearing other men tell in the evening what they've pulled out as it is counting over your own. Why, I've been three or four months at a time without making a dollar and without a cent in my pocket but, gee whittaker, the exciteme nt of it don't give a man time to think how hard up he is!-Youth's Companion.

A Creed of Love.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderne your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flow-ers you mean to send for their coffins send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of fragrant perfumes of sympath and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by then while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funera rithout a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no ragrance backward over the weary way. -George W. Childs.

Brain Restorers.

Milk and cheese have been placed in the list of brain restorers by members of the Paris Academy of Medicine. Experiments have shown that absolutely pure caseine contains 753 parts out of 1,000 of organic phosphorus. The welsh rabbit may now be eaten late at night with a elear conscience.—Kate Field's Wash

Relief In Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new semedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding prompiness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the princip pages in male or female. It the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Druggist, Napoleon, O. April 27-23 ly

He Knew His Strength. A Georgia fruit dealer had about his

store a man of color who was noted for his honesty. At least, he had been for the six months he had been employed. When the first load of watermelons for the season was received, Zeke became worried and nervous, and just before closing for the night he went to the proprietor. "I spec', boss, I'ze got ter resign," he said, twirling his hat in hand like a shame-

faced boy.
"Why, Zeke, what's the matter?" was
"T'm satisfied the surprised response. "I'm satisfied with you, and I thought you were satisfied

"I wuz, boss, twel terday." "What's wrong now!"
"I cain't stan hit, boss," he said vaguely.
"Can't stand what?"

"Cain't stan de grat tem'tation, boss," he went on rapidly. "De orringes ain't nothin, ner the banamers, ner the peaches, ner plums, ner grapes, ner noner dem. Dem's nothin to a man ob my princ'ples, boss, an 'tain't no tem'tation fer me no ter pick um up when you ain't lookin, but boss, hit am dem yar watermillions wot's rasslin wid dis chile, an dey's gwine ter fling him sho. Dem's wot I cain't stan, filing him sho. Dem's wot I cain't stan, boss, an ef I hain's done resigned my job dish yer very night dar's a commandment gwineter be busted wide open, an I'ze 'sponsible fer hit. Lemme go, boss," he pleaded, and to save a good man Zeke was invited to take his pick of the pile and carry it home with him.—Detroit Free Press. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure in Ohio.

CEDARVILLE, O., May 4th, 1893. I heartily recommend forever Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children. My baby had colle so bad I was almost worn out. A lady friend told me of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. I bought a 25e bottle and both baby and myself now have sweet and refreshing aloop. I also find Dr. Hand's Pleasant Physic of great benefit to myself and child.

Respectfully yours. MRS GEO. BOYD.

Dr. Hand's Remedies for Children, 25c at all druggists.

A Novel Dyeing Process A writer in The Industrie Textile de A writer in The Industrie Textile de-scribes an improved process for dyeing wool and silk combinations, in which the plees to be irvated is prepared in a boiling neutral solution of bichromate of sods and rinsed, leaving the wool fiber only charg-ed with chromic scid, and consequently in a condition to fix basis amines by oxida-tion—thus, the cloth being taken through a solution of aniline salt, the silk becomes out slightly stained, while the wool fiber bus slightly stained, while the wool fiber assumes an emerald green color. A second bath of neutral chromate dyes the wool blue and does not affect the silk fiber, and consecutive and repeated runs through chromate, water and dilute acid lead up to a black on the one and preserve white the other fiber. Further, if naphthylamine be taken in place of aniline, a combination of white with hims garnet and other fiber. tion of white with blue, garnet and other mode colors is the result, and subsequently the slik may be filled up with a suitable dye. Another improvement in this line is that by which a superior fast black on slik is obtained. The slik is first octtomed with prussian blue, then mor-ianted with tannic acid or catechu and tin and topped with alizarine, flavo purpurine or anthra purpurine in a scap bath. The color is much faster than a logwood

OHIO STATE NEWS.

NOTES OF INTEREST TO OUR READ ERS IN OUR OWN STATE.

ise and Condensed Telegraphic Reports of the Week-An Interesting Coletion of Items From Here and There Throughout the State.

While showing a companion, with a sup-posedly empty revolver, how people sul-sided Harvey Zeley, 12, of near Delaware, O., fatally shot himself.

Mrs. John Denman was killed by cars at

Piqua, O.

In the little village of Casstown, O., there are five persons, Mrs. Sarah Long, John Long, Samuel Long, Daniel Knoop and Mrs. Caroline Harbaugh, whose average ages are almost 10 years.

Governor McKinley has codered the transfer of Martin Clark from the ponitentiary to the boys' industrial school. Clark, who is 16 years of age, was sent from Lorain county, on the charge of

Clark, who is 16 years of age, was sent from Lorain county, on the charge of grand lareasy.

At Hicksville, O., thieves broke into Van Every's blacksmith abop and secured tools. Then they entered the postoffice and blew the door off the safe. They secured about \$400 in money, but overlooked about \$100 worth of stamps.

The suburbs of Cincinnati will fight analysis in the sourts.

sexation in the courts.

Edward Titus, a variety artist of Wheeling, is in jail at Caroliton, O., charged with robbing "Buster" Mullen, a Sherrodsville saloonkeeper, of \$300 in cash and other

things.

Abihu Raines, as treasurer of South Charleston, O., has brought suit for a writ of mandamus to compel County Treasurer. Goodfellow to pay him, as treasurer, \$420. The trouble arises over the refusal of South Charleston to pay its assessment.

John Moore died Sunday at Marietta

O., in the 105th year of his age. He was born in Ireland and came to Ohio in 1827.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhosa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Dr. G. C. Osmoon

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not

interest of their children, and use Castoria in-stead of the various quack nostrums whichere destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves." Da. J. F. KINCHELOR Conway, Ark. Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that nd it as superior to any preso known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experi-ence in their outside practice with Castoria. and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPERSARY,

ALLEN C. SEITH, Pres. The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE? PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN-KILLER Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

MANHOOD RESTORED! "REEVE SEEDS."
guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain
Fower, Headache, Wakeruness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Hmissions, Nervous
ness, all drains and loss of power in Generalive Organs of either sex caused

Notice to Non-Resident Land Owners.

To all Lot and Land Owners and Municipal and Private Corporations that will be Affected by the Ditch Improvement herein designated.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio, March 10, 1894 In the Matter of Ditch Improvement No. 771, Petitioned for by J. E. Dillon, in Putnam and Henry Counties, O.

You and each of you are hereby notified that on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1892, J. B. Dillom et al. filed a petition with the Auditors of Patnam and Henry counties, the substance and prayer of which said petition is, that there exists a necessity for the deepening, straightening and sitering of a ditch, and prays for the making of such improvement on the following route and termini, lo-wit:

Commencing at the west country of the market of the substance of the following route and termini, Notice to Land Owners and Others.

to-wit:

Commencing at the west quarter post of section No. 6, town 2 north, range 8 east, Putnam county, Onto, in the channel of an old ditch known as Hammer Creek, thence north along the west line of section No. 6 to the horthwest corner of the same, at the line between Putnam and Henry counties, thence northeasterly, following the channel of said Hammer Creek or county ditch No. 86 'till it intersects Beaver Creek and there terminate, with a view to deepen, widen, straighten and alter said improvement.

That said petition is now pending, and that such proceedings have been duly and legally had, that
the Joint Hoard of Commissioners have found that said improvement is necessary for
and will be condustre to the public health, convenience and welfare, and that the line
thereof is on the best route, and the duly appointed engineer, C. N.Schwab, has fied in this office his
report as required by law, and that as such Auditors of said counties, the undersigned have fixed the

20th day of April, A. D., 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m.,

at the Auditor's office, Napolson, O., for the hearing of said matter and proceeding, apportionment thereof has been made to you by the Engineer in his report, viz: DESCRIPTION . OWNER'S NAME. Fred Hogan.....
Mary E. Mahler.
Samuel Stevenso:
Ence Groover...
Alax Schenk.....
Fred. Gherken.... aw nw.
ne qrn hf se nw.
nw nw.
n hf nw.
n hf nw. Margaret Ring... Thos. Bell...... Millon & Lamb...

JACOB RESH, Auditor Henry county, Ohio.

AARON OBERBECK, Auditor Putnam Co., O.